

A Very Good Evening by Luddleston

Category: Voltron: Legendary Defender

Genre: Bad Flirting, M/M, Meeting in a Bar, Pick-Up Lines, roleplaying

Language: English

Characters: Matt Holt, Shiro (Voltron)

Relationships: Matt Holt/Shiro

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-07-29

Updated: 2018-07-29

Packaged: 2022-12-19 11:10:12

Rating: Teen And Up Audiences

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,028

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Matt doesn't normally drink alone, but when he does, a beautiful stranger starts trying to pick him up in a bar.

Well, he's not very good at it, but he's trying.

A Very Good Evening

Author's Note:

I've honestly been wanting to write this for a while and apparently today was the day it happens

the title of this in my google docs is "matt and shiro are dumb in a bar"

Matt rarely went out to bars alone, but for reasons he was trying to forget existed, he was sitting by himself at a barstool in a local place he'd never been to before, admiring their spun-glass light fixtures which, unintentionally, he was sure, looked a bit yonic. The place was primarily a wine bar, but they had a fairly extensive cocktail menu as well, so Matt had ordered himself something that had both espresso and alcohol, because that sounded like a good idea at the time. He wasn't sure if that was making him a little jittery, or if it was the fact that he kept looking at the door.

Not that he was waiting on somebody to come in.

Whenever the door did swing open, Matt determinedly looked away, not about to be caught staring. He did always glance over his shoulder to investigate afterward, which was probably just as bad.

Matt was halfway through ordering another drink when somebody occupied the barstool next to his. This was notable because half the bar was empty, and ordinarily, you didn't sit down next to somebody at a half-empty bar if you could avoid it. That was what made Matt stumble on the tail end of his order, but not what made his mouth drop open entirely. No, that was caused by actually looking at the man, who appeared to have walked straight out of an imaginary modeling studio that they did not have in this town.

He was tall—or, well, he seemed tall, because Matt wouldn't technically know that, since he was sitting down. Height irregardless, he was at least two out of three on tall, dark, and handsome, with the square jawline and the deep gray eyes and the five o'clock shadow sharpening his already-angular face. He was looking directly at Matt, like he'd walked over with

the express purpose of talking to him, which, Matt thought, was a little obvious of him. He didn't mind.

"Evening," he said, leaning in closer than Matt normally allowed strangers to lean. He didn't move away, though, which was probably telling. "Drinking alone?"

Matt pressed a hand over his mouth to stifle his laughter. "Really? That's like, maybe the second most cliché thing you could have asked, man."

The guy's face went red, and he gave an exasperated little huff, kicking Matt's ankle under the bar. "Stop that," he said, "I'm *trying*."

"Okay, okay, keep trying," Matt said, pausing to thank the bartender when she dropped off his next drink. "I'm listening. Hit me with your best shot."

His best shot, apparently, was, "do you come here often?"

Which was, of course, the first most cliché thing he could have asked.

Matt swallowed the laughter rising in his throat again with a sip of his drink, and once he'd composed himself, looked back at the stranger appraisingly, like elevator eyes were even necessary with all the staring he'd done when the guy first sat down. "No," he said, "never been before."

"Me neither." He hummed, looking over the wine list. "What a coincidence."

"Is it a coincidence, or do people just not have bars they regularly go to anymore?" Matt asked.

"I... honestly have no idea." He laughed, either out of nervousness or at himself, and leaned an elbow on the bar, burying his face in his hand. "I'm sorry. I'm so bad at this."

"No, no, it's fine, keep going," Matt said, resting a hand on his forearm. "Maybe start with your name?"

"Oh! Right. You don't know—never mind." Which was a ridiculous series of words for the situation, and made Matt frown a little. "I'm Takashi."

"It's a pleasure, Takashi," he said, "I'm Matt." They shook hands, or, rather, clasped hands for a moment, which felt more intimate anyway. Takashi had one foot on Matt's barstool, planted just behind Matt's heel, casual, like he didn't even notice he was doing it.

"What do you even talk to somebody about when you meet them in a bar?" Another nervous laugh. "Or is it less talking, more staring at each other and assessing whether you'd like to go home together?"

"I'm sorry, are you trying to ask if I'd like to go home with you?" Matt asked, draining the rest of his second drink of the night.

"Oh, uh. I didn't want to assume..." He cleared his throat and steered the topic of conversation away. "Can I buy you another drink?"

"You trying to get me drunk, Shirogane?"

"I seriously doubt that'll be enough to—hey! I didn't tell you my last name!" he said, playfully shoving Matt's arm.

Matt's eyes went wide. "Oh. Shit! You totally didn't."

"And you said I'd be bad at this," Shiro said, shaking his head. "For shame, Matthew, try to stay in character."

"Shut up, you *were* bad at it." Matt elbowed him back. "Mister 'do you come here often?' Where'd you get your lines from? Lance?"

"Well, no, they'd probably be worse if I did that." Shiro slid his card across the bar to pay for Matt's drinks. "See, though, the best part is, I can say the worst lines in the world, and you'll still come home with me at the end of the night." He smiled wide enough for Matt to see his dimples, and he leaned over to kiss the left one.

"Yeah, I will," he said.

"You planning on staying the night, too?" Shiro asked, leaning in closer, obviously teasing him, "or are you gonna be gone when I wake up in the morning?"

Matt thought for a moment. "I'll be gone in the morning, but your pillows will smell like me and it'll all be very romantic. And then, when you look in the mirror, you'll realize I wrote my number, uh... on your ass, or something."

"On my *ass*?"

"Shh, it's the start of a beautiful romance."

They both hopped off the barstools and Shiro led him out of the bar with a hand on the small of his back. "If you actually write your phone number on my ass, I'll smack yours," he said.

"That, honestly, isn't even a little bit of a threat."

Author's Note:

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